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The Third Floor Bedroom



99 8 7

Chapter 1 by Deborah Aladejebi

It all began when someone left the window open. It was 1947 and Ashley Briggans was taking a trip to her aunt Rhonda's house after attempting to zip line to her neighbors house through her window. "Ashley!" her mother called. "Time to go!". She was working on her favorite subject. Science. The science fair was the next day and she barely had anything ready. Her pictures weren't ready, the poster board wasn't ready, and much more. "ugh! coming!" Ashley responded. She took of down the long flight of stairs since her bedroom was on the third floor. "Jason!" she yelled, surprised to see her brother still asleep despite all her yelling. "It's time to go!" "Wait, I need to look this math test over." "Well, I guess we can leave you behind!" "What! Forget that! I'm coming too!" Then bolting down the stairs, they left. With the window open.

Chapter 2 by Skeld



Rhonda Rothschild was a widow. And had been for several years. Her only comfort was her sister and her niece and nephew. All three of whom she adored. *Another couple of months of loneliness* she thought as she watched the old Volvo sped away down the asphalt. She sighed deeply and went to the kitchen. *Ah, George if you were only here to see what those little devils have done to our kitchen!* she smiled affectionately. Her sister had apologized profusely, but

was only met with a warm smile. Her sister sighed in relief and went to call her children. She picked up the washcloth and went

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It was high noon when she

he couch and drifted off to sleep. THUD! THUD! THUD! was the sound that woke her up. Her heart was thumping

wildly. The sound was coming from upstairs. She ran upstairs to find the door to the third floor bedroom open.

She sighed and went to shut the door. But stopped suddenly. Rhonda Rothschild had seen many things in her life. War, bombing, ruin and poverty. But she had never seen this- On the window sill, sat George. His face radiant, beaming and angelic. He held out of his hands for her. Rhonda couldn't move. Her eyes dilated and sweat began to fall in cascades. But something pushed her from behind. She began to walk. Her face transforming into a wide grin, she began to ran towards him. His welcoming smile was pulling her and something was pushing her. She jumped towards him, but felt air. No George, just a ghost. But before she realized that, she had hit the cold hard ground. The warm blood was making a small stream that ran through the downhill pavement till it reached a pair of sneakers. Those belonged to a young boy. From outside, he looked barely eleven, but on the inside, he was ancient. The boy got down on his knees and began to lick the blood. The dirt and blood, mixed with his saliva, made such a wonderful taste that the boy couldn't resist but smile. *Another house* he thought as he wiped blood off his chin and entered the Rothschild residence. His ancient aura made the even more menacing. He opened the fridge and found a bottle of cranberry juice. He grabbed it and outside to sit on the porch. Rhonda's body had grown cold, he could feel it. But he was too tired to do anything, so he sat there sitting on the rocking and sipping cranberry juice. The rain began to fall a little while later drenching the stiff body of Rhonda. The boy had fallen asleep by then.

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